

# Discovering the Truth

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Summary: What happens when you see Halo from the point of view of someone not involved with Master Chief? I dunno, lets find out!

## Discovering the Truth

-1Discovering the Truth: A Halo Fan Fiction

By: Unisaga

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Authors Note: Well, this will be my first official fan fiction, and story too. I just wanted to say that I hope it turns out good.

Prologue: Chapter One

As the lieutenant pressed the keys on his station, the last drop ship evacuated the vessel. He was the only one left in the silent ship, with pale lights all around, and that horrid thought of the bomb in hanger B7, now held by the Covenant. All he could do was watch miserably as the elites prepped their ship for take off and ditched him there. Even them leaving felt as if he was abandoned.

He looked out the front of the ships window at the battle raging above the planet they called Reach. He had only heard of it once, and what he heard was that it was a military planet. The whole dang thing was all used for training new soldiers on the field. In his eight years of being in the service, he got lieutenant, and he also heard about the Spartan II project.

Never having met a Spartan, the lieutenant wasn't too fond of them. He figured their job was easy, not to mention being all buffed up and in big immortal suits. They were trained by the best though, and that

gave them some credit. The lieutenant eyeballed a mass heading for the starboard side of the ship on the radar and tried to communicate with it.

"Mayday mayday! Do not approach this ship at any cost, there is a bomb aboard and I am the last crewman, I repeat, this ship will blow in less than a minute, the Covenant have rigged the station!" The lieutenant cried out.

"I take orders from Admirals, not lieutenants," the object responded. The lieutenant realized now that the object was a person, and a Spartan at that.

"If I may ask, what do you plan on doing out here, and I thought the Covenant just glassed the planet?"

"They did, but I wasn't on it. My name is Spartan 118, I am Corporal Henderson, you can call me Brick."

"Umm, okay, but 'Brick', I assume you heard me say that the station-", the lieutenant was about to say, but suddenly the wall crushed in and broke open as the Spartan flew in, grabbed the lieutenant, shoved a breather on him, and slammed through the other side before the ship's gravity could even alter his course.

The lieutenant attempted to struggle his way out of the Spartans grip, but failed. He just relaxed and muttered a muffled curse as they flew towards, what seemed like, nothingness. Suddenly though, a ship came out of nowhere, but this wasn't like any ship that the lieutenant had seen, it was a battleship, large and equipped with over six MAC cannons.

It looked as though an overly pain Admiral had fixed it up illegally, but he wasn't going to complain about a rescue team. A port on the ship opened and they flew in and dropped to, what was a wall, the floor as they caught the gravity. The door shut and the air stabilized.

"You can remove that now Lieutenant," the Spartan said.

"I wouldâ€¦but I think you broke my noseâ€¦and embedded this thing on it."

Brick pushed the alarm button, but the lieutenant did seem to be too badly hurt, just a flesh wound. Yet still, five medics showed up suddenly and picked up the lieutenant and took him away. "I want to speak to your superior!", he said as his voice trailed off down the hall.

"Sorry for the inconvenience, but it seems your our superior. Meet you on the flipside buddy!"

A/N: That's the end of the Prologues Chapter One, more to come next time.

End  
file.